UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Debs—Lover of Men

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II. Chapter IX. By M. K. GANDHI

Prohibition—A Comparison!

By WILLIAM C. ALLEN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1926 NUMBER 11

DEBS

Bury him low in the lonely sod,
He, who was friend to knave and clown,
One of the kindly kings of earth,
Who never wore a crown,
Whose breast was scarred, whose hands had bled.
Bury him low, in years to be
Men passing will remember one
Who walked in Galilee.

For Unity. LUCIA TRENT.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case is approaching its final crisis—and the prospect of victory is good. We say this in spite of the fact that Judge Webster Thayer has recently denied motion for a new trial, and thus closed every legal door but that of one last appeal to the Massachusetts Supreme Court. But this action of the Judge who presided at the original trial, and who is now engaged in the business of saving his face, is just the thing that is needed to start revolt on a great scale against the legal murder of two innocent men. Already this revolt has begun, as witness the remarkable editorial in the Boston *Herald* of October 26th last. The *Herald,* be it noted, is no radical sheet; it has "no sympathy," it says, "with the half-baked views which they (Sacco and Vanzetti) profess." It has believed the men guilty hitherto, and described the trial as fair and final. But now it confesses a change of heart. New evidence, affidavits of witnesses and lawyers, have been too much for it, if not for the trial judge.

> As months have merged into years (says the *Herald*), and the great debate over the case has continued, our doubts have solidified slowly into convictions, and reluctantly we have found ourselves compelled to reverse our original judgment.

It then proceeds to denounce the court for prejudice, and to express the hope that "the resources of our laws will prove adequate to obtain a new trial." That this hope will be fulfilled is by no means certain. The Supreme Court, to which the case now goes a second time on appeal, must act, as we understand it, on the basis of law and not of evidence. But the case, of course, cannot end here if the Supreme Court finds itself helpless. There remain the vast powers of the Governor.

> As things stand at present (says the New York *World*, commenting upon the *Herald* editorial), we have two men under sentence of death to sustain the reputation of a judge. This is unthinkable.

It is, indeed! We still have faith enough in Massachusetts to believe that Sacco and Vanzetti will yet be freed.

Our eyes certainly popped open good and wide the other day when we received two copies of the New York *Journal of Commerce* headed in letters two or three inches high—*"Russia."* Beneath this enormous word, in both issues, was the national symbol of the Soviet Republic—the swinging globe, crossed by the hammer and scythe. Under this again were the magic letters, "U. S. S. R." (United States of Soviet Russia), followed by the statement that these issues of the paper were "special editions," No. I and No. II, containing the story of financial, industrial, and commercial Russia. Opening the first page, we find ourselves face to face with a handsome picture of Kamenev, foreign trade commissar, with a personal message printed as written in his own hand. Then follows the greatest array of articles on trade opportunities, concessions, Soviet industries and banks, mining, power plants, textiles, railways, credits, timber, oil, farming, etc., etc., that it is possible to imagine. Interspersed with these are elaborate display advertisements of American banks, insurance brokers, export houses, etc., etc. The editors of the *Journal of Commerce* have done a thorough job. The "reds" themselves could not have done better. Nay, the "reds" have themselves had a big hand in this business. Which means that "things are doing" in Wall Street! Indeed, they are. American capital is ready to go into Russia; it knows that natural resources are limitless, competition lively, and the government absolutely stable. So here is a survey of the situation, an advertisement of Russia and her future under Bolshevik rule, by one of the most conservative financial papers in the world. It is an amazing spectacle—eighty-eight newspaper pages packed solid with Russian information of the most favorable character. What matters the refusal of Washington to recognize Moscow, in the face of a phenomenon of this kind? The stolid inaction of the Coolidge administration is just a joke, that's all. Recognition or no recognition, business is going on, relations are established, Russia is thriving. Come, come, Mrs. Partington, throw away your broom!

The Detroit Council of Churches has gotten very bold all of a sudden. Weeks after its disgraceful sur-

render to the arrogant demagogues of capital, it discovers that Detroit's industrial organizations "are attempting to intimidate local churches." We should say, in view of the record, that these industrial organizations were not only "attempting" to do this thing, but had triumphantly succeeded. If ever there was a case of a whipped cur slinking to its master's heel, it was this of the Detroit Council of Churches withdrawing its hospitality to the A. F. of L. leaders after the business magnates had spoken. Now, when the fracas is all over, with such a display of moral cowardice as has not disgraced organized religion in decades, the clergymen lift their little heads and complain that the industrial organizations have "arrogantly brought pressure of a sinister character" to bear upon the churches. But what of it? "Pressure" is never dangerous, or even "sinister," unless it is yielded to. And that is exactly what the Detroit churches did! They were cowed the moment the word of command was spoken. And now, weeks later, they put on a great show of courage, and say how badly they were used. Nothing in years has so reminded us of the little boy who runs away from the policeman, and then, when the latter's back is turned, swaggers behind with his fingers at his nose. The Detroit Council of Churches would better have kept silent. This belated complaint only shows them to be hypocrites as well as cowards. It also gives us opportunity, by the way, to make amends for failure in this place, to note exceptions to our general indictment of these Detroit churches for their shame in this recent episode. The exact facts were stated in our correspondence column last week, where a letter from an interested friend and our explanation may be found. Here we are concerned with proclaiming what we would have known, had we imagined that the Unitarian church was involved at all, that this church, led by its minister, Augustus P. Reccord, refused to bow the knee to Baal, but adhered to its invitation to labor, and received with honor and heard with gratitude an A. F. of L. leader in its pulpit. It is a pity that in the general flood of excitement, the few exceptions are ignored, and thus denied the especial credit which is their due.

"In making this protest," says a recent protestor, "I am voicing the sentiments of tens of thousands of my fellow-countrymen." Here is a form of statement of which we are all of us guilty at times, and of which we ought all of us to be heartily ashamed. A newspaper urges the cancelation of the European debts, and says pontifically, "America will not stand for . . . etc., etc." How does this editor know what America will or will not stand for, and by what right does he presume to speak for the nation? "I speak for all free Americans," declaims the thirsty Wet, "when I declare that Prohibition . . . etc., etc." When, pray, was this liquor-lover made the spokesman of "all free Americans," and how is he so sure that they think as he thinks they think? "These are American principles," said Woodrow Wilson on January 22nd, 1917, "and they are also the principles . . . of forward-looking men and women, and of every modern nation, and of every enlightened community." This is interesting, but "how come?" When was Wilson delegated to present himself as the inspired interpreter of enlightenment and progress everywhere? What we have here is arrogance—unconscious arrogance, but arrogance all the same. Whoever rises up to state a merely personal opinion upon some public question or other, and then in the fervor of his feeling proceeds to identify this opinion with the opinion of his countrymen, or of the world, or of any other group large or small, is taking the first step in that dangerous road which leads to those claims of infallibility which are the bane of reason and the death of charity. Let us be humble, brethren! When we speak, let us speak for ourselves, and let it go at that! We may think that others agree with us, we may be certain that they ought to agree with us, but who are we, that we decide these things? When we have said, "I believe," "in my opinion," "it seems to me," have we not said all that we have any right to say? There was a fine humility in Abraham Lincoln's first electioneering speech, when he said:

> My politics are short and sweet—I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvements system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same.

We have just returned from a shopping trip. "A dozen collars," we said, in a men's furnishing store, "size 15½, Samoset." "I'm sorry," said the clerk, "but you can't get Samoset any more. That style has been discontinued." "But," we protested, "Samoset suits us better than any collar we ever wore in our life—it's just what we want." "Sorry," came the reply, "but there's nothing we can do. Here are the new styles." We passed on to a shoe store, and asked for a pair of high shoes, 8½, AA. "That isn't the kind of last," we said to the clerk, as he handed us a shoe. "We want something like this that we are wearing." "Sorry," replied the clerk, "but we are not making that last any more. That went out two or three years ago." "But this is ugly," we said, "horribly ugly." "It's the newest thing out," replied the clerk, "you'll get used to it and like it after a while." We went back to the haberdashers, and asked for a certain kind of shirt. "All gone," said the clerk. "When will a new supply come in," we queried. "O, there won't be any more," he said. "That line has been discontinued." So it goes! No sooner do we get beautifully fixed with some article of clothing, than it disappears, and we have to begin the process of selection all over again. Or rather, we have to take whatever new thing is offered, whether we like it or not, and make the best of it. For there is no selection! Collars, shoes, shirts, hats, coats, are selected for us—and changes made just as often

as the making and selling of a stock of goods can be completed. The object, of course, is purely commercial. Change styles fast enough, and buying must be done twice and thrice as often as is really necessary! That is, if you want to be in style, and most people do! Change women's umbrellas from a shepherd's crook to a policeman's billy, and every woman must buy a new one whether her old one is worn out or not. Make the brim of a hat broad instead of narrow, and every man must buy a new hat even though his old one is perfectly good. Just watch women's skirts drop in a few months, and see every woman forced to buy new garments, since the old ones cannot be lengthened. It is a great game—our love of uniformity, our spineless answer to the whip-lash of fashion, made the deliberate basis of exploitation! Sometimes, perhaps, we will wear what suits us. Yes —*perhaps!*

Debs—Lover of Men

I saw Debs three times; I met him twice; I talked with him only once. Each one of these occasions will stand forever as a red-letter day upon the calendar of my life.

The first time I saw Debs was in 1912, at a great meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, when he was running for the presidency on the Socialist ticket. The speech he made that night was not a great speech, it was not even a good speech. I saw at once that he had made this speech fifty or a hundred times before, and that it had gone stale. I knew enough about public speaking to know that the quick, jerky gestures meant taut muscles, which in turn meant a man too tired to talk, almost too tired to stand. Every now and then, however, in that tired speech, there came great moments. The muscles relaxed just for an instant, the voice took on a tone of freshness and vigor. passion welled up from the unexhausted heart. These were the moments when Debs spoke of the children toiling in the factories, of the women slaving in the slums, of the poor whose destruction was their poverty. In an instant, under the influence of such thoughts, he was a man reborn, and I knew, for the first time in my life, why people loved him, and why many, when they came into his presence, fell on their knees and kissed his hand.

The second time I saw Debs, and this time met him, was in New York, shortly after his release from prison. I had heard that he was coming, and immediately I wrote asking for the privilege of calling at the hotel and paying my respects. Back came the reply from his brother that 'Gene was ill, that he would be busy during his visit with important political matters, that nothing could be promised. At once I saw that Debs needed to be protected from his friends; I made up my mind that I could best show him my love by sparing him my importunities. Then suddenly —shall I ever forget the afternoon?—my secretary came bursting into my study with wonder in her eyes and excitement in her heart. From her sputtering ejaculations, I finally gathered the thrilling news that *Debs was down stairs*—in the church parlor—wanted to see me! How I ran down to meet him! As I entered the room, I put out my hand, in my cold, stolid New England way, to shake his hand in greeting, when, before I knew it, I found his two arms clasped about me, and his dear lips kissing my two cheeks. Dear old 'Gene! That was the way he was with everybody. He was all sentiment, affection, caresses—just like a woman with her lover. I hardly knew what to do, so unusual was the experience to me; but it warms my heart just to think of it, now that he has gone.

The third time I met him was the one time I really talked with him. I was in Terre Haute, some two years or so ago, and of course, must see Debs. I called up his house, and found that he was ill—was not receiving visitors. But I might come around the next afternoon, and, if he could, 'Gene would see me. At the appointed hour, I was standing on the porch of the little house, and ringing the bell. Quickly the door swung open, and there on the threshold stood 'Gene himself. As I look back at the picture today, his figure there in the door-way seems to grow radiant and beautiful, and I see him almost as an angel standing, with face aglow, and arms outstretched, in welcome to some poor sinner at the gate of heaven. At the moment, however, as I looked at that smile which no one who has seen can ever forget, I thought only of that little stanza by James Whitcomb Riley, written years ago in tribute to his friend.

> And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands
> And jest holds out in his two hands
> As warm a heart as ever beat
> Betwixt here and the Jedgment Seat.

I would be proud of these memories, if pride could be associated with the name of Debs. But pride would be vain, for there are myriads of men and women in this country who have just such memories as these. Debs confined himself to no one, or two, or chosen few. Thousands could tell what I have told; hundreds could confess experiences deep and intimate beyond anything I ever knew. It is this fact which makes Debs a universal man. Of course, he belongs particularly to the Socialists—but not to them alone! For a generation he was their chosen leader; five times he led their party as a candidate for the presidency; in life and death, he was the servant of their cause. But does any Socialist imagine that the more than a

million votes which he won in his fourth campaign represented the strength of the Party at that time; or that the 900,000 men and women who voted for him in 1920 were themselves Socialists voting for a Socialist? Not at all. Debs was always twice, thrice as strong as the party which he led. Thousands there were in every campaign who supported him not because he was a Socialist but because he was *Debs*. The noblest tributes to the man that I have ever read, came from men altogether outside the party organization. It was Edward Carpenter, of England, who called him "the best man in America." It was Israel Zangwill who declared, upon Debs's conviction for sedition, that he "ought to change places with his judges." Edwin Markham stated years ago that "Debs is one of the greatest names of the great names of the country." But the noblest tribute comes from Horace Traubel, disciple and biographer of Whitman, who said, "The four letters that spell Debs have added a new vocabulary to the race." Let not the Socialists claim this man. He belongs to them, but to others also. Debs, I repeat, was a universal man. He could be confined to no one class, held within the bounds of no one party, bound to the citizenship of no one country. How appropriate that he should have lost his American citizenship in the very trial which made him a citizen of the world!

To survey the life of Debs as it ran from his first job at fourteen years of age as an oiler on the railroad, through his leadership of the Pullman strike in 1894 and his great Socialist campaigns, to his imprisonment in Atlanta as a traitor, is to find oneself confronted by two widely diverse questions.

(1) First of all there is the question as to the love men bore for Debs. Where did this love come from? How is it to be explained?

The answer to this question, fortunately, is very simple, even though it has to be understood in terms of miracle. It is all summed up in that immortal statement from the epistle of St. John, where the apostle, explaining men's love for God, declares that "we love him because he first loved us." Where Debs's love came from is another question. This is the miracle of which I have just spoken. Such love for men as that of Jesus or of Debs, is like the love of God—it is original, spontaneous, and therefore without origin or explanation. But, given this love, like the terms of an equation, and everything else follows! Men have loved 'Gene from the beginning, and will love him as long as memory lasts, because of his love for them. What a love that was! How boundless, like the sea; how warm and radiant, like the sun; how pure and life-giving, like the air!

It began right in his own home, in his love for his wife. Never was there a love-story more beautiful than that of Debs; and this story did not end until the last chapter was written four weeks ago. One man devoted to one woman, and one woman to one man, through all the years, in all the trials, even unto death! When I think of that perfect marriage of the arch-radical of our time, I have to smile at the idea of some of our "modern" young men and women that marriage is soon going to be an out-moded institution. Not until this old earth ceases swinging 'round the sun, will marriage as the plighted love of man and woman end; nor in the future, any more than in the past, will the dearest happiness in life be found in other ways. One night, by merest chance, Debs found himself in a hotel where he and his wife had passed their bridal night. He was in the midst of one of his presidential campaigns, with a body tired and a mind crowded with the excitements of the race. It was all but twenty years since he had married his wife, and brought her to this hotel. But he sat himself down that night, and wrote her a letter, and this is what he said:

> You have grown more beautiful and more precious to me with each passing year. It is many years ago since first we came under the roof of this old hotel as bride and groom, and it seems to me that from that day to this we have enjoyed together an unbroken honeymoon. When I took you as my wife, I did not lose you as my friend and comrade, and the years that trail behind us have borne beautiful testimony to the sweetness and sanctity of our love. I think of you every moment, and enclose you in my arms this night in spirit.

The love that was thus present in Debs's home was not confined there. On the contrary, it flowed beyond the threshold of this home, as the waters of a spring overflow its borders and freshen the nearby ground. Thus Terre Haute, where Debs was born and lived all his life, was flooded with it. This city of Indiana is a typical Main Street town, full of the prejudices and parochialisms of such a community. Some years ago its mayor testified that ninety percent of the people regarded Debs's ideas as false where they were not actually dangerous. Yet they all admired 'Gene as a man and loved him as a friend.

> Ask any one (says Robert Hunter, himself born and reared in Terre Haute). Go to the poor, to the vagrant, to the hobo. Go to the rich, to the banker, to the traction magnate. You will find that every single one will say that 'Gene has something which other men do not possess—and unconsciously they will remove their hats as they talk of him.

A neighbor, observing Debs as he walked the streets of his native town, discovered the reason for the love that followed him.

> I watched him one evening (he writes), just at dusk, as he was leaving his office in a cold, drizzling rain, walk six blocks. In passing this distance, it took him not less than a half-hour, for he stopped six times to converse with some one he knew. One was a business man of the town, one a poet, one a driver of a truck, one an old blind man, one a colored man, and one a little child.

Such love for men brings its own reward, at least today. It may have been true, in ancient Galilee, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," but it is emphatically not true in modern Indiana.

But Terre Haute enjoyed no monopoly of Debs. For years he traveled abroad through this nation, scattering love as the sower scatters seed. In the early days he was on the wing as a labor organizer; his bag

was always packed, his tickets always in his pocket, his home the railroad car or cheap hotel. Later he journeyed as a Socialist leader, again and again as a presidential candidate. He entered every state, visited uncounted cities and towns, met millions of people. And on all he showered love as the rain descends from heaven. Innumerable are the stories of his kindness and generosity. I know of no man in American history, save only Abraham Lincoln, of whom the legends are so many and so lovely. There is the tale, for example, of the chamber-maid and the box of candy! Coming out from a dingy hotel one morning, Debs dove into a candy store, bought a handsome box of sweets, returned to the hotel, hunted out the frowsy old woman who acted as housekeeper and chamber-maid for all the guests, presented the candy with a courteous salute, and hurried away. "She was kind to me," said Debs—and that was all! On one of his presidential campaigns, he left the main road to visit a district where some miners were on strike. He went into the homes, to see the wives and children, with $200 in his pocket; he left without a cent, and had to borrow money to send a telegram for transportation to the next stopping-place. Reminiscent of Gorky's tragic drama, "A Night's Lodging," is the tale of Debs's plunge one night into the "red-light" district of Terre Haute. He went down one dark street into another, than disappeared into an ugly cellar of what seemed to be a deserted building. Inside was a "speak-easy," with a half-drunk vagabond, with blotchy face and bleary eyes, sprawled over a dirty table. In a minute this poor waif had recognized 'Gene, and became a man transformed. He had grabbed his hand, had fallen on his knees, and was blubbering his devotion. Then out of dark passage-ways and hidden rooms, like rats crawling out of their holes, came the denizens of the place—thieves, bootleggers, women of the streets. It was " 'Gene," " 'Gene," all about—just a common cry of joy and affection. They all knew him and loved him, because he first loved them.

The perfect triumph of Debs's life, however, came at Atlanta, where he was thrust behind the bars as a felon under a ten years' sentence. The warden discovered his worth at once.

> Debs is the finest man (he said), I ever knew. He has done more good in Atlanta than a hundred chaplains. He is the only real Christian I ever met.

Almost instantly upon his arrival, Debs solved the problem of discipline in the place. He became the friend and confidant of all the prisoners, and mastered them by the power of a love which they had never known before. His supreme test came with a "lifer" known as Sam Orr, a giant black man, who spent most of his time in the "hole." He was a kind of madman, whom nobody could control. "Send him to me," said Debs; and, within a week, the insane murderer, Sam Orr, was like a dog, docile and quiet following obediently and happily at Debs's feet. One day, for an infraction of rules, Debs was himself put into the "hole" by a guard. "My God," cried the warden, when he heard of it. "Take him out, take him out! Don't you know that if the men heard that Debs was in the 'hole,' they would tear down the walls of this prison, brick by brick, to get him out?"

Do we need to ask, after such stories as these, why Debs was so loved in life and is still so loved in death? His own love for mankind everywhere is the all-sufficient answer. This love was his religion. He believed in God, as witness his statement in prison, "I never more surely believed in God, the God of Love and Righteousness, than I do today." He had a firm conviction of the immortality of the soul. But his thought did not express itself easily in theological terms. He was essentially a "humanist." It was men whom he was thinking about always, and men for whom he was living. He was like Abou Ben Adhem, who was confused when the angel appeared and spoke of those "who love the Lord." Had Debs had this experience he would have asked, just as Abou did, that he be set down upon the sacred role "as one who loves his fellow-men." He loved them all—men of every class, condition, and creed; first and last, of course, the poor, the toilers, the discouraged and forsaken. And they in turn loved him as naturally, as inevitably, as flowers love the sun.

(2) I said that there were *two* questions raised by the story of Debs's life. The first, as we have seen, is the question of why men loved him so. The second is very different, and much more difficult to answer. It is the question as to why men hated him so.

Men did hate Debs—those who had never seen him, or known him. They hated him, as they feared him, and poured upon him such abuse as no man in our time has had to endure. The hate began 'way back in 1894, when Debs led the most sensational strike in the history of American industry. Dozens of men were killed in that great revolt of labor; millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed; state and national troops were in the field, maintaining order at the point of the bayonet. And Debs was at the heart of it all. Failing conviction for conspiracy, he was arbitrarily arrested and condemned for contempt of court, and sent to prison for six months. He was followed there not only by the adoration of his followers, but also by that flooding tide of venom which overwhelmed Altgeld, Governor of Illinois, and swept Debs into those waste lands of "no reputation," in which he was doomed to pass the remainder of his days. The hate, thus begun in this vast labor upheaval of a generation ago, reached its zenith, of course, in the great trial during the War, when Debs was convicted of sedition and sentenced to the federal penitentiary for ten years. Woodrow Wilson gave perfect and final expression to this hate when, petitioned to pardon Debs, a sick, old man, he replied:

> I will never consent to the pardon of this man.—Were I

to consent to it, I should never be able to look into the faces of the mothers of this country who sent their boys to the other side. While the flower of American youth was pouring out its blood to vindicate the cause of civilization, this man, Debs, stood behind the lines, sniping, attacking, denouncing them.—This man was a traitor to his country, and he will never be pardoned during my administration.

How is such hatred as this to be explained? It is not easy to say; yet it seems to me that it springs from exactly that same love of humankind which brought such devotion to Debs from those who touched and knew him.

Love is of three kinds. First of all, there is the love which we have for a single individual—that specific, particularized affection which we give to a wife, a child, a friend. This takes the form of those beautiful relations which are seen in the case of Debs and the wife whom he adored. Secondly, there is the love which we give to men in general—to man, we may say, in the abstract. This is the source of our dreams and visions of a better world; it is the passion which makes men idealists and prophets of the right. We see it in Debs in the love of peace which led him to Atlanta, as Jesus's love of the Kingdom led him to Calvary. Lastly, there is the love which represents a kind of mingling of these two—that love which we bestow upon a special group of men, and which we see in Debs in his love for the workers and the poor.

It is this third kind of love which brought upon Debs all the trouble and terror that made up the larger portion of his days. For it is this kind of love, as applied to the lower classes of society, which is so dangerous to society—more particularly, to the established order of society. There are some people in this world whom good men and women are not supposed to love—whom respectable men and women are not allowed to love. These are the very people whom Jesus loved; note the railing accusation against him that he was "the friend of publicans and sinners!" These are the people, also, whom Debs loved—the poor, the exploited workers, the outcast and despised of men. It is not allowed, I say, to love these people; for to love them is to want to lift them up, and to lift them up is to disturb society, to disrupt the social order, in general to turn things upside down. But Debs loved them with a passion greater and more genuine than that of any other public leader of our time. "While there is a lower class," he said, "I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free." It was this attitude of utter identification which made Debs, as a young man, the most ardent labor agitator in history. It was this love which took Debs into the Socialist Party, and carried him straight to the post of leadership. Debs's Socialism was a matter of the heart and not of the head. I doubt if Debs ever really understood the orthodox theories of the Socialistic philosophy; I am pretty sure he never contributed anything to the sum total of Socialist ideas; I know he never cared a fig for doctrines and policies. It was all a matter of love with him—of love for men who were enslaved, and who might be freed by the Socialistic revolution. It was this which made Debs so much bigger than the Socialist Party, and this, also, which made him the target of such volleys of hate as poured upon him all his days. Our respectables can forgive the thinker, but they can't forgive the lover. This lover makes contacts which are disgraceful, he stirs hopes which are dangerous, he sows seeds which are dynamitic. So they shout "Crucify him! crucify him!" Even the people shout it, so blind they are on occasion, so misled. And sooner or later comes the cross, and the long agony of Golgotha.

This was the fate of Debs, as of Jesus and many another saint and martyr of the past. His love for the disinherited was his sin, and, by the judgment of the law, his crime. But this love justified itself, as it always does, if it be true. For Debs rose at last to that final victory of all love, which is love for one's enemies. No man ever suffered more from calumny and abuse, insults and injuries, than 'Gene. His life for thirty-two years, so far as organized society is concerned, was one long martyrdom. But never once did he yield to hate even of those who oppressed his fellows, least of all of those who oppressed himself. "When Debs speaks a harsh word," said Horace Traubel, "it is wet with tears."

Thus was Debs, to his own joy, and his own exceeding sorrow as well, a lover of men. This love, with its mingled harvest of love and hate, is the mystic talisman of his life. I know of no exact parallel to this man. Carl Sandburg finds it in Victor Hugo. Owen Lovejoy mentions Lincoln, Huss, Wycliffe. William Ellery Leonard names Socrates. But most men think of Jesus when they speak of Debs. In a volume of published tributes to Debs, called "Debs and the Poets," the Nazarene is the figure which again and again appears.

Once there was a carpenter,
A Nazarene.
Ancient, godly rich men
Picked him clean.
Folks say that Jesus
Suffered like 'Gene.

And now he's dead—dear old 'Gene! I cannot be sad for him, for I know the labor of his days, and how richly he has earned his rest. I can only be sad for a nation, for a world, that dictated contempt, denunciation, ridicule, imprisonment, and untimely death for such a man. In the closing scene of Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan," the martyred maid, risen from her grave, proposes to come back to earth again. Rebuked by her worshippers, who shrink one by one away, the sainted girl, deserted once again, lifts to heaven that pitiful prayer, upon which the curtain falls:

O God, who hast made this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive thy saints. How long, O Lord, how long?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

There is an appropriateness about life after all. Events move in order, effect follows cause, the stars make music. For example, we have just read that Chicago is to have "the largest and best jail" in the country!

Senator Wadsworth thinks it a dreadful tragedy that the loss of the Senate should "tie President Coolidge's hands." But President Coolidge has long since folded his hands! What difference does it make whether they are tied or not?

In the passing of Debs, let it be remembered that it was Warren G. Harding who pardoned and thus released him from Atlanta. Harding's record as president is not so clean and high that it can afford to miss the credit of this noble act. It shines the brighter as reflected against the background of Wilson's bitter refusal to act.

The Boston *Herald* (October 13th last) announces the "World Church Parley in 1927," in Lausanne, Switzerland, and states that "all the churches of Christendom with the exception of the Roman Catholic and Unitarian are preparing to meet—to discuss the possibility of church unity throughout the world." What is the worth of a conference which begins the work of unity with the work of exclusion?

The welfare of both the nation and the state hang in the balance.

Would you believe it? this sentence was actually printed in italics in a great newspaper just before the recent election. If every candidate chosen in this election had been defeated, and every candidate defeated had been elected, would the nation have tumbled to ruin, or any change of any serious kind been recorded? Stuff and nonsense! There wasn't enough hanging in the balance at this last election to tip the weight of a flea.

The latest attempt on the life of Mussolini tempts us to ask our readers to turn back to UNITY for October 11, page 84, and recall what the Chicago *Tribune* said about this business. There are psychological and sociological laws as well as physical laws, and they operate as rigorously. J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

Arthur Nash, of Cincinnati, is a remarkable man, intrinsically and as a symptom in American industrial life. I heard him last week speak three times, before a radical church, a conservative church body, and the Chamber of Commerce. No one should try to interpret American life before making a study of him. In fact, he has been called east and west to tell the story of what he has been doing in his factory during the past seven years.

He is the man who, in 1919, started to apply the Golden Rule in his clothing factory. He had had a remarkable personal experience. Brought up an Adventist, he was aiming for the ministry. His doubts, working through several years, at last drove him into atheism. He became "literally a tramp and a vagabond." Then, a traveling salesman. Finally, he purchased a "bankrupt clothing factory in 1919; in fact, it was a sweat-shop, in which 29 under-fed and underpaid slaves were at work." After a long mental struggle, he decided to run his factory according to the principle of the Golden Rule, treating the workers as he would like to be treated.

Here are some of the things that happened. On the first day of ownership, he raised the wages from 50 to 300 per cent, and the workers began to believe that what he said was not "all talk," when he addressed them as "brothers and sisters." Those that had been getting four dollars a week were to get twelve; those who were getting seven were to get fifteen; those who were getting seventeen were to get twenty-seven. Then other things happened. There had been a 60-hour week. This was cut down to 45. Meantime his business was going ahead fast. He had over 2000 women in the factory. He noted that they were compelled to do the family washing on Sunday. That's wrong, he argued. Wouldn't want my sisters to do that. Consequently, he adopted, after consulting the workers, a 5-day week, in order to give the women time to do their house work on Saturday. With the adoption of the 45-hour week, production went up 30 per cent; with the adoption of the 40-hour week, production went up 1 or 2 per cent. He next noted that these women represented 3000 children, who went home from school, not to find their mothers at home. This must not be, he argued. This led to the adoption of a 7-hour day—so the mothers might might meet their children coming from school—with a 5-day week. Production went down, but is higher than in all the other clothing factories in the land. He says that "the spirit of cooperation worked the miracle of production." He religiously regards the Golden Rule as as essential to industry as the law of gravity is to the universe. He believes that to treat workers as you would like to be treated awakens soul energy which makes for more happiness and contentment and these alone are enough to account for increased production. It's good business, if nothing more. With him the question about the Golden Rule is not whether it will work. That is not a pertinent question. It works anyhow, like the law of gravity. Success is found in conforming to the law. A man, a

business, a civilization will suffer a "fall" that does not "work the principle."

Mr. Nash was led further by the "opening vision of the Golden Rule." When he turned to thinking what the workers would like—judging by what he would like —the "Voice out of the everywhere" (you see he is a mystic as well as a wise business man) told him that they would want opportunity in life; they would like to say something about their job; they would like to have a chance to own their tools. The result is that the major part of the stock of this largest clothing factory in America—with 1000 salesmen—is owned by the workers. About a year ago, the Voice and the Golden Rule got after him on the matter of "unionizing" the factory. There was a struggle here, for he was paying above the scale prices and hours were better. His chief reason was his desire to have the workers of the factory get into fellowship with the great body of workers seeking to get fair and just conditions. "Now, A. Nash Co. is unionized."

Mr. Nash reminds one of Mr. Ford—who recently put his big industries on the basis of a 35-hour week. Mr. Ford travelled a different road from Mr. Nash; but apart from the motives, they both believe that a 35-hour week is good business. They both believe that the idea of reducing wages in order to increase production is false economics. Mr. Nash insists that the miracle of production comes from cooperation. Higher wages gained by strikes do not increase production, but higher wages and increased production come out of cooperation. The needed cooperation will come from application of the Golden Rule. What is wanted in industry is confidence. Along with the lack of it go fear and hate. Such a situation can be remedied only by working the Golden Rule. On top of this comes William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, claiming for the Federation credit for the shorter week, that in two important trades, printing and fur working, the 5-day week has already been established.

Those who look for the socialization of industry must take note of men like Mr. Nash, who starting as an extreme individualist, making the Sermon on the Mount his religion, feeling that the Golden Rule is the nub of the Sermon, "the law and the prophets," has been instrumental, in seven years, in developing a sweat-shop clothing factory into the largest clothing factory in the land, in which the workers enjoy a 35-hour week, their "say" in the business and own a major part of the "voting stock" so that "Mr. Nash can be voted out of a job any time." It looks as if the employers and employes might get into a race as to which would do the most in socialization of industry. Certainly, if many get excited over the application of the Golden Rule in their factories, as Mr. Nash is, we may be looking for many "miracles of production," as well as long strides toward a cooperative commonwealth. If Mussolini should get enthused over the application of the Golden Rule in Italy, I am inclined to think that he would beat out the Soviets in the establishment of a socialist order, but despotism will probably bring its own downfall.

Some who are watching Mr. Nash are saying that he is a very important figure in American industry in pointing out a way for saving America from violent revolution. He is demanding radical changes—such as he has introduced in his industry, and more. He wants nothing short of "heaven on earth." To get into heaven, hereafter, or to keep out of hell, was "the motive by which the preachers appealed to the boys of his day." He wants none of such motives. He is anxious to have heaven—a perfect socialization of human life and relations—realized in Cincinnati, in A. Nash Co.'s factory. He insists that industrial peace is the basis of world peace. He believes that the Golden Rule—treating men and women as brothers and sisters — would bring heaven to earth. He would no more disobey this law, in building his industry, than he would disobey the law of gravity in constructing a building.

Men like Nash and Ford are the highest types of industrial leaders, who starting from a pure individualist and capitalistic point have actually produced revolutionary changes that take on many of the aspects of pure socialism. Will there be enough of them in America to have a wide and permanent effect? Will they beat the proletarian movements in the race for a higher social order? They are certainly a broad hint to the proletarians to wake up, forget their strife and to work unselfishly for cooperation and efficiency, for they are liable to meet increasingly men like Mr. Nash, armed with the Golden Rule, and I suspect the Golden Rule men will win. However, I also suspect that the workers of earth everywhere will be glad to be conquered by the Golden Rule. Mine is not the role of a prophet, but I anticipate that the next twenty years will produce men—like Mr. Nash, part mystic, part realist—who will go up and down the land proclaiming an industrial evangelism. They will declare that in order to be saved men must believe the Golden Rule to the point of practice. If they are able to testify like Mr. Nash, the crowds will flock to hear them, speaking as he does with the authority of experience.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Sequoia

O stalwart ruler of the western forests,
Sequoia, giant tree among them all,
Many centuries have passed over thee,
Winter, summer, spring and fall
In quiet nurturing
Have made thee strong and tall.

There standest thou, o'ertopping all the others,
So broad of girth, deep rooted in the ground,
Red of bark, green crested, lofty branching,
Reaching into space, nor bound
By any limit,
With sun and sky art crowned.

Near thee man seems indeed a puny creature,
Thy height and breadth and depth and countless years
Fill him with awe and overwhelm his senses,
Make small his doubts and clinging fears,
Thy silent ministry
Dost give him joy for tears.

From thy great height could man survey his living
With the deep insight of the wise and old,
Would not this world be saner and more joyous,
Would not new life unfold
From out the darker past
And bring the age of gold.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

PART II—CHAPTER IX

More Hardships

The train reached Charlestown in the morning. There was no railway, in those days, between Charlestown and Johannesburg, but a stage-coach, which halted at Standerton for the night *en route*. I possessed a ticket for the coach, which was not cancelled by the break of the journey at Maritzburg for a day; besides Abdulla Seth had sent a wire to the coach agent at Charlestown.

But the agent only needed a pretext for putting me off, and so, when he discovered me to be a stranger, he said, "Your ticket is cancelled." I gave him the proper reply. The reason at the back of his mind was not want of accommodation, but quite another. Passengers had to be accommodated inside the coach, but as I was regarded as a "coolie" and looked a stranger, it would be proper, thought the white man in charge of the coach called "leader," not to seat me with the white passengers. There used to be seats on either side of the coachbox. The leader would sit on one of these as a rule. He sat inside today and gave me his seat. I knew it was sheer injustice and an insult, but I thought it better to pocket it. I could not have forced myself inside, and if I had raised a protest the coach would have gone off without me. This would have meant the loss of another day and Heaven only knows what would have happened the next day. So, as much as I fretted within myself, I prudently sat next the coachman.

At about three o'clock the coach reached Pardekoph. Now, the leader desired to sit where I was seated as he wanted to smoke and possibly have some fresh air. So he took a piece of dirty sack-cloth from the driver, spread it on the foot board and addressing me said, "Sami, you sit on this, I want to sit near the driver." The insult was more than I could bear. In fear and trembling, I said to him, "It was you who seated me here, though I should have been accommodated inside. I put up with the insult. Now that you want to sit outside and smoke, you would have me sit at your feet. I will not do so, but I am prepared to sit inside."

As I was struggling through these sentences the man came for me and began heavily to box my ears, He seized me by the arm and tried to drag me down. I clung to the brass rails of the coachbox and was determined to keep my hold even at the risk of breaking my wristbones. The passengers were witnessing the scene—the man swearing at me, dragging and belabouring me, and I remaining still. He was strong and I was weak. Some of the passengers were moved to pity and they exclaimed: "Man, let him alone. Don't beat him. He is not to blame. What he says is quite true. If he can't stay there, let him come and sit with us." "No fear," cried the man, but he seemed somewhat crestfallen and stopped beating me. He let go my arm, swore at me a little more, and, asking the Hottentot servant who was sitting on the other side of the coachbox to sit on the footboard, took the seat so vacated.

The passengers took their seats and, the whistle given, the coach rattled away. My heart was beating fast within my breast and I was wondering whether I should ever reach my destination alive. The man cast an angry look at me now and then, and pointing his finger at me, growled: "Take care, let me once get to Standerton and I shall show you what I do." I sat speechless and prayed to God to help me.

After dark we reached Standerton and I heaved a sigh of relief on seeing some Indian faces. As soon as I got down, these friends said: "We are here to receive you and take you to Isa Seth's shop. We have had a telegram from Seth Abdulla," I was very glad and we went to Seth Isa Haji Sumar's shop. The Seth and his clerks gathered round me. I told them all that I had gone through. They were very sorry to hear it and comforted me by relating to me their own bitter experience.

I wanted to inform the Agent of the Coach Company the whole affair. So I wrote him a letter narrating everything that had happened and drawing his attention to the threat his man had held out. I also asked for an assurance that he would accommodate me with the other passengers, inside the coach, when we started the next morning. To which the Agent replied to this effect: "From Standerton we have a bigger coach with different men in charge. The man complained of will not be there tomorrow and you will have a seat with the other passengers." This somewhat relieved me. I had, of course, no intention of proceeding against the man who had assaulted me, and so the chapter of the assault closed there.

In the morning Isa Seth's man took me to the coach, I got a good seat and reached Johannesburg quite safely that night.

Standerton is a small village and Johannesburg a big city. Abdulla Seth had wired to Johannesburg also and given me the name and address of Mahomed Cassim Camruddin's firm there. Their man had come to receive me at the stage but neither did I see him nor did he recognize me. So I decided to go to a hotel. I knew the names of several. Taking a cab I asked to be driven to the Grand National Hotel. I saw the Manager and asked for a room. He eyed me for a moment, and politely saying, "I am very sorry, we are full up," bade me good-bye. So I asked the cabman to drive to Mahomed Cassim Camruddin's shop. Here I found Abdul Gani Seth expecting me and he gave me a cordial greeting. He had a hearty laugh over the story of my experience at the hotel. How ever did I expect to be admitted to a hotel?

"Why not?" I asked.

"You will come to know after you have stayed here a few days," said he. "Only *we* can live in a land like this, because, for making money, we do not mind pocketing insults, and here we are." With this he narrated to me the story of the hardships of Indians in South Africa.

Of Seth Abdul Gani we shall know more as we proceed.

He said: "This country is not for men like you.

Look, now, you have to go to Pretoria tomorrow. You will *have* to travel third class. Conditions in the Transvaal are worse than in Natal. First and second tickets are never issued to Indians."

"You can not have been persistent enough in this direction."

"We have sent representations, but I confess our own men, too, do not want as a rule to travel first or second."

I sent for the railway regulations and read them. There was a loophole. The language of the old Transvaal enactments was not very exact or rigid. The railway regulations were even less so.

I said to the Seth: "I wish to go first class, and if I cannot I shall prefer to take a cab to Pretoria, a matter of only thirty-seven miles."

Seth Abdul Gani drew my attention to the extra time and money this would mean, but agreed in my proposal to travel first, and accordingly we sent a note to the Station Master. I mentioned in my note that I was a barrister and that I always traveled first. I also stated in the letter that I needed to reach Pretoria as early as possible, and that as there was no time to await his reply, I would receive it in person at the station, and that I should expect to get a first class ticket. There was, of course, a purpose behind asking for the reply in person. I had thought that if the Station Master gave a written reply he would without doubt say "no," especially because he would have his own notion of a "coolie barrister." I would therefore appear before him in faultless English dress, talk to him and possibly persuade him to issue a first class ticket. So I went to the station in a frock-coat and necktie, placed a sovereign for my fare on the counter and asked for a first class ticket.

"You sent me that note?" he asked.

"That is so. I shall be much obliged if you will give me a ticket. I must reach Pretoria today."

He smiled, and, moved to pity said: "I am not a Transvaaler. I am a Hollander. I appreciate your feelings, and you have my sympathy. I do want to give you a ticket—on one condition, however, that if the Guard should ask you to shift to the third class you will not involve me in the affair, by which I mean that you should not proceed against the Railway Company. I wish you a safe journey. I can see you are a gentleman."

With these words he booked the ticket. I thanked him and gave him the necessary assurance.

Seth Abdul Gani had come to see me off at the station. The incident gave him an agreeable surprise, but he warned me saying: "I shall be thankful if you reach Pretoria all right. I am afraid the Guard will not leave you in peace in the first class and even if he does, the passengers will not."

I took my seat in a first class compartment and the train started. At Germiston, the Guard came to examine the tickets. He was angry to find me there, and signaled to me with his finger to go to the third class. I showed him my first class ticket. "That doesn't matter," he said. "Remove to the third class."

There was only one English passenger in the compartment. He took the Guard to task. "What do you mean by troubling the gentleman?" he told him. "Don't you see he has a first class ticket? I do not mind in the least his traveling with me." Addressing me he said, "You should make yourself comfortable where you are."

The Guard muttered: "If you want to travel with a coolie, what do I care?" and went away.

At about eight o'clock in the evening the train reached Pretoria.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Prohibition—A Comparison!

In the midst of the confused thought that has developed from an inadequate observance and enforcement of the laws of the United States, it is important that we compare the drink situation in our country under prohibition with that which obtains in other lands not so protected. Some facts, without prejudice to others, must be clearly understood.

I here tell of one of the many scenes observed during fourteen visits to the United Kingdom. Edging my way at five o'clock in the evening, during 1920, through a crowd of blear-eyed, mug-holding men and women, children and baby coaches, that made the pavement outside of a public house almost impassable, at a seething corner in London opposite the Great Eastern Railway Station and hotel, I saw an attractive looking young woman standing by the curb putting the red liquid in her glass into the mouth of the year-old baby she held in her arms. I remonstrated with her, telling her of the unhappiness that in years to come might be the result of her actions to her children's children. With tears in her eyes she promised that never again would she offer her child a drink.

Since 1919 I have seen innumerable "drunks" in the streets of the commonwealths composing the British Empire. You can see crowds of men clamoring for liquids at the bars of hotels in New Zealand. I have seen, close to the great center of passenger traffic, the Circular Quay of Sydney, Australia, revolting spectacles. I have seen the King's birthday celebrated at the great Raffles Hotel, Singapore, where white people were intoxicated before they went in to nine o'clock dinner and where four fights were reported before morning. When I was a little boy years ago in Philadelphia, the slums, then close to the older aristocratic parts of that city, witnessed such sights as these. Do we want similar scenes reintroduced into the streets of America?

It is a trifle over two years since the writer returned home from his last trip around the world. During that time I have been more or less over the country and frequently in San Francisco. I have noted four intoxicated men during this period. In spite of much newspaper talk I have since 1919 observed little drinking by Americans in hotels and steamships abroad. Within the past few years I have seen less use of intoxicants among the wealthy and middle classes of English-speaking peoples than prior to the war. The poorer people are the chief sufferers—they are exploited by those financially interested in the great companies engaged in the

traffic. The following statements made by Englishmen of unquestioned veracity are of weight:

S. S. Hosking, writing in 1926 in *The Friend,* a well known denominational paper of England, remarks,

With an annual expenditure of over 300 million pounds, it is obvious that we are still faced by a gigantic social evil. The seriousness of the position is apparent when we consider the present-day problems of unemployment, housing, etc., and remember that the bulk of the money is spent by the industrial classes and the dwellers in the slums. . .

It is unquestionably true that the public-house is doing a roaring trade.

Speaking of the drink shops he says:

Many are beautifully lighted and well appointed and they are kept going by the workers' money. Swarms of children (especially in the summer) can be seen outside waiting for their parents, and many babies in perambulators are left whilst their parents go in to drink. Some of the customers stay but a little while; but many go from house to house, others stop in one bar till closing time and then are compelled to leave, if not actually drunk, certainly very much worse in every way for the manner in which they have wasted their evening. England being the conspicuous exception to the United Kingdom rule of Sunday closing, Saturday's night's performances are very largely reproduced on the following day, with disastrous effects to the community, especially the children, who often go without the barest necessities of life. . . Weekly family expenditure on alcohol in this country is fifteen shillings, and on milk less than two shillings.

Louis C. Cramton, M. C., of Michigan, in a speech in the House of Representatives, March 5, 1924, about "beer making a land happy," quoted an article in the Century Magazine from the pen of the world-famous Journalist, Charles Edward Russell. Russell, when referring to the production of ammunition during the great war is reported as saying:

Above everything else and at all times stood out the national drink habit as chief enemy to topmost output. . . Workingmen, whose brains were dulled with beer were inefficient producers. It was largely because of beer that commanders were clamoring in vain for shells and the western front was often silent for their lack. On Monday many workers came to their work still unsettled from their exploits of Saturday night and Sunday with the clinking cannikin. Even by Tuesday many had not rebounded to their natural tension.

In times of peace very similar conditions have continued to the detriment of industrial production and to the poverty of wage-earners. A comparison between America and England today makes us appreciate one great reason for the happy conditions of our producers compared with those abroad.

Henry VII empowered Justices of the shires to suppress common ale-selling at their absolute discretion. Since his day, centuries ago, many efforts have been made to control the traffic. In various directions some progress has been made. E. W. Pettifer, another writer, in 1926, in *The Friend,* states:

In the place of the ale-seller of hundreds of years ago under the absolute control of the Justice of the Peace, we have thousands of licenses, protected from confiscation, admitted to have a vast monopoly value which has been conceded to them without any financial return to the State, and owned by a wealthy, aggressive and powerful industry, jealous of its privileges and monopolies, and ever seeking to enlarge them.

Such a situation seems to be the ultimate objective of wealthy concerns in America at the present time. Shall we easily swallow their propaganda and little by little yield to their financial might?

After visits to England since 1919 the writer has become convinced that, independently of the difficulty connected with giving up habits inherited from generations, the primary British reason for discrediting our Eighteenth Amendment, through newspapers and otherwise, is founded on a fear that, because of the present situation, America will economically surpass England. Some eminent men of the Empire, who desire the success of Prohibition in America, have issued warnings to their countrymen, apparently with little effect.

Can America afford to retrace her steps?

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

San Jose, California.

The Study Table

Naturalistic Metaphysics

For two reasons this volume is significant. First, it is the beginning of the "Paul Carus Lectures" which are to be given under the auspices of the American Philosophical Association on the Paul Carus Foundation, and to be published by the Open Court Publishing Company. Dr. Carus, as we are told by Professor H. B. Alexander in the introduction, "saw philosophy never as a closet pursuit, but always as a quest for the social illumination of mankind." This book and others to follow will suitably commemorate the life and work of one who believed mightily that philosophy may become—must become—a force in the life of man and society.

Second, this work is significant as the product of the one philosopher who most strikingly represents the spirit and method for which Dr. Carus stood. Furthermore, both the friends and the critics of Professor Dewey have been waiting impatiently for him to state the metaphysical foundations of his radically pragmatic and empirical point of view. Well, here it is; and the philosophers will sink their teeth into it for many days to come. He shuns the artifacts of scholasticism as he would a deadly plague. "Experience" is the thing. He surrenders absolutely to facts—be they good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant. "Experience" is change and hazard, not certainty and security. Knowledge is the tool of "experience." We live, move and have our being in "experience." It is naturalistic metaphysics. Sellars and his school will smile with deep satisfaction, for in this book more than in his other writings, Dewey swings in the direction of critical realism and evolutionary naturalism.

CURTIS W. REESE.

"Experience and Nature," by John Dewey, Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

Debs in Prison

Your prison walls are sanctified,
Because your heart is staunch and true;
You walk with Christ, while we without
Must seek our Lord in jail with you.

CHARLES G. GIRELIUS.

Correspondence

Goods News of Peace!

Editor of UNITY:

A letter just received from Arthur Ponsonby, M. P., has a bit of news so cheering and inspiring for all true lovers of peace that I hasten to tell you about it in the hope that you will pass it along to the readers of UNITY, most of whom, I have faith to believe, are *true* lovers of peace—not wobbly ones or the sham kind who say, "Yes, I want peace, but——."

Mr. Ponsonby wrote: "You will be glad to hear that the Labor Party by a resolution which I seconded at the Margate Conference have committed themselves to war-resistance."

I wonder if we can readily imagine the full meaning and effect of that splendid resolution! A wave of thankfulness swept over me—in truth, it was a wordless prayer of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

We need no stronger evidence to show that the forces that make for peace are as absolutely under the control of man as those that make for war, in spite of any assertions to the contrary. The one great essential is that the public shall get the right viewpoint and then victory is assured. People will refuse to be slaughtered or to slaughter others when once they know the simple truth about war.

It is the plain and simple truth that Ponsonby has been telling during the campaign he has waged for months past for his Peace Letter to the Prime Minister. And I believe it is largely his devoted work that has brought about action of the Labor Party on the resolution—that and the work of the War-Resisters which is a strong society in England. Ponsonby says further in his letter: "I am ending up my campaign in December by an Albert Hall meeting—a very costly affair but well worth while from the point of view of publicity."

Next January the United States will have the pleasure and the honor of welcoming Ponsonby to these shores.* Perhaps he will be able to rouse our people from their inertia, and to change the viewpoint of some among us, so that we shall be able to follow as a close second the lead of Great Britain toward the goal of peace. I am selfish enough to wish that the United States, with all its wealth, its energy, and its idealism, might have been the nation to lead the world in that worth-while rivalry. But if that was not to be let us try to keep pace with the valiant leader nation and by our efforts to hearten her along the still toilsome road that stretches ahead.

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

*Mr. Ponsonby comes for a few weeks only under the management of the Feakins' Bureau, N. Y. City.

When a Nation Cannot Arbitrate

Editor of UNITY:

In your issue of September 13, you published an article by Sidney Strong, who presents for the consideration of your readers the latest form of "Peace Letter to the President of the United States" which he says was "worked out by a group of us." This letter is concluded by a formal declaration as follows: "We, the undersigned, convinced that all disputes between nations are capable of settlement, either by diplomacy or arbitration, hereby solemnly declare that we shall refuse to support or render war service in case the government resorts to arms."

I want to say that many things might occur, and in our history have occurred, which we as a self-respecting nation could not submit to arbitration. We could not submit any question pertaining to our own domestic affairs. In some over-populated countries great dissatisfaction exists in regard to our immigration laws. Is there anything to arbitrate in regard to our right to exclude undesirables or the people of any race, who on account of their ethical culture, or the lack of it, are not capable of being assimilated as a desirable element of our population? We have had veiled threats from both Italy and Japan. Should we yield to such pressure even to avoid war? How about the Civil War: Was Lincoln justified in carrying it on when it was the only way in which we could remain a United Nation? Read his words to the pacifists of his day who urged him to end the war before a righteous peace could be attained. Their cry was "Peace at any price." "The issue before us is distinct, simple and inflexible. It is an issue that can only be tried by war, and settled by victory. The war will cease on the part of this government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it. . . . We accepted war rather than let the nation perish. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among all nations."

How about the war of the Revolution? Were our forefathers justified in rebelling against England, or should they have submitted to unbearable oppression and put in practice the principles of "non-resistance"? Had they done so we would now be an English province instead of a United States of America. Have we no duty to perform in preserving the glorious heritage which was won for us by a war which even England today admits was justifiable? If we have, then let us prepare to maintain a righeous peace with all nations. This can only be done by maintaining an adequate army and navy and as an auxiliary to that we should have universal military training.

George Washington in his message to congress January 21, 1790, advocated universal military training, stating "That every man of proper age and ability of body is firmly bound by this compact to perform personally his proportion of military duty for the defense of the State." And, "That all men of miltary age should be held responsible for different degrees of military service, and that the United States are to provide for arming, organizing and disciplining these men." This meant compulsory military service, and the plan actually provided that no man of military age should vote unless he possessed a certificate showing that he had performed such service. Washington did not regard professional pacifists as entitled to suffrage. I read a story written some years ago of an old woman who lived in a little town in Kansas. She told of her husband who was a skilled mechanic who went to war in '61 who later grew blind from injuries received in the war, and whose life was a hard, hard struggle. She said she would like to see everything done to keep war away from us; that therefore she would like to see forts, submarines, a fine strong fleet, and every boy "Raised to be a soldier"; to see every man in some farm or factory or business in time of peace, but trained so as to be always ready to defend the nation if the call comes, and she would include the girls, too, which is quite right, for universal service does not mean that every man must fight, but every man or woman must serve the country in the position in which he or she can render the best service. She ended by saying, "I did raise my boy to be a soldier." If all mothers in the country would do the same the country would be safe forever.

Our Navy is way below the ratio which the United States sanctioned at the last disarmament conference and yet the man who is promulgating the so called "peace letter" to the President with all the venom of his misguided pen can only liken our battleships to sea-serpents, monsters and things of evil in which we should have no part. He says almost hysterically, *"That the nation that creates and sanctions these monsters will not arbitrate for she will have lost the disposition to arbitrate—Imagine Great Britain arbitrating with China." Suppose* China to have had an adequate army and navy all well disciplined and as an auxiliary to that universal training, would England, France, Germany and Japan have encroached on her territory and divide it up into spheres of influence? I think not, and furthermore if China had been well prepared to protect herself Great Britain would have been quite willing to arbitrate any question at issue. China with her 400,000,000 of population was weak in all that constitutes the strength of a great nation and her condition was an invitation to any nation that had the strength and the disposition to profit by her weakness.

Of course it is not right that the strong should oppress the weak, but it is the law of nature, it is the "survival of the fittest," and all the dreams of the pacifist will not change it.

The only way an individual or a nation can escape destruction is to put themselves in a position to resist the evil intentions of others, and yet the pacifists want to chinify the United States and make us an easy prey to any predatory nation and our size and wealth and the number of our population will not save us unless we are

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Editor of UNITY

will speak

at

The Friday Morning Forum

Abraham Lincoln Centre

November 19, 1926, at 10:30 A. M.

on

VERSAILLES, LOCARNO, GENEVA:

Are We Finding the Way to Peace?

MOTHERS WITH LITTLE SONS

O Mothers with little sons
  And burning hearts to teach,
You are the chosen ones—
  Give hearing, I beseech!
The world is a ghastly place
  Since war has slain our men;
But yours is the gift and yours is the grace
  To bring love back again.

Mothers, I beg you, heed
  What hate's dark hand has done;
How the hearts of the people bleed
  Till peace and right are won.
How the maimed and halt and blind
  And the dread ones hidden away
Are a challenge to all mankind
  To fashion a better way.

Mothers with little sons,
  As you hold them to your breast,
Teach them to hate the guns—
  That love and faith are best;
Show how the tyrant War
  Destroys but does not win,
How the goals men battle for
  Are lost with the world's great sin.

Strip from the monster's frame
  His glittering robe of lies;
Show him in all his shame
  To your children's visioning eyes;
Show how the lust to kill
  Is the jungle's law of might,
And shells dropped down on a helpless town
  Are murder in God's sight.

O mothers with little sons,
  Who stand with lifted faces,
All of earth's helpless ones
  Cry from the lonely places;
And the dead men plead their cause
  And the crippled men implore:
"Go, fashion the future's laws
  That war shall be no more."
For war is a knave's design
  And a coward's brutal scheme,
And men whose courage is divine
  Shall foster a nobler dream.

O mothers with little sons,
  The years lie in your hands;
You are the chosen ones;
  Men wait for your commands;
Not till your lips declare,
  "Our sons no more shall fight,"
Shall the crimson soil be fair
  And the ravaged earth be right.

—*Angela Morgan.*

Ladies Home Journal.

YOUNG GERMAN SCHOLARS ARRIVE HERE

Thirty young Germans whose personalities and scholastic records won for them fellowships in American colleges and universities under the auspices of the American German Student Exchange of the Institute of International Education have arrived in this country to take up their studies as guests of institutions of higher learning all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, an increase of 50 per cent over the number brought over last year.

Nearly all fields of learning are represented, and they come from all parts of Germany. In most cases the German universities have already given them their doctor's degrees, but there are a few who will enter the senior classes of their American colleges, graduating next June with the bachelor's degree.

This is only one phase of the work of the Exchange, which in addition to bringing over these young Germans to study in America sends American graduate students to study at German universities. Under the chairmanship of Dr. Stephen P. Dugan, who is also Director of the Institute of International Education, the Advisory Board of the American German Student Exchange consists of the following prominent educators and men of affairs: Thomas Stockham Baker, President, Carnegie Institute of Technology; Professor Edwin M. Borchard, Yale University; Professor Joseph P. Chamberlain, Columbia University; Professor John Dewey, Columbia University; Livingston Farrand, President, Cornell University; Professor Robert H. Fife, Columbia University; Professor Irving Fisher, Yale University; Glenn Frank, President, University of Wisconsin; Frank J. Goodnow, President, Johns Hopkins University; Henry Goddard Leach, Editor, *The Forum*; Dr. Karl von Dewinski, German Consul General of New York; Professor Samuel McCune Lindsay, Columbia University; Reverend Frederick Lynch, Director, Church Peace Union; W. A. Neilson, President, Smith College; Miss Ellen F. Pendleton, President, Wellesley College; Dr. William F. Russell, Associate Director, International Institute of Teachers College; Professor William R. Shepherd, Columbia University; Henry Suzzallo, President, University of Washington; Professor Frank W. Taussig, Harvard University; Paul M. Warburg, international banker; Ray Lyman Wilbur, President, Stanford University, and Walter Williams, Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri. The Exchange is administered by Dr. Carl J. Friedrich.

In addition to the greater number of fellowships giving tuition, board and lodging offered this year by the American institutions there were several instances where fellowships previously providing only free tuition were expanded to provide full maintenance. In a few cases interested alumni provide the funds for living expenses, to supplement grants of tuition.

The fields of engineering and plant pathology were added this year, to the political and social sciences previously included, and next year it is planned to add medicine, archaeology and affiliated subjects.

Economic conditions in Germany frequently make it necessary, in order to obtain the highest type of students, to supplement the fellowships with stipends for incidental expenses or to furnish transportation, and the money for these items is raised by the executive officers of the American German Student Exchange under the direction of its Advisory Board.

Several fellowships are supported by prominent American individuals and firms, among which are: Anson W.

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prepared in other ways, as the history of China has demonstrated. These pacifists should read the little book by Edward Everett Hale, "The Man Without a Country," and any one, man or woman, who is not willing to help defend his country does not deserve to live under its protection. The surest way to avoid war is to maintain a strong army and navy and a trained citizenry.

England, France, Germany and the United States signed a treaty with Belgium guaranteeing Belgiums neutrality and Belgium on her part agreed to resist all attempts to violate it. When it suited Germany's long laid plans she did not hesitate to violate her solemn agreement with Belgium, saying that the treaty was only a "scrap of paper." It would have been easier for Belgium to have submitted to what seemed inevitable, but she resisted until nearly driven into the sea. France was doing her utmost to the full limit of her resources in men, money and material. What about England and the United States? England made a late start to rescue Belgium and the United States shirked her duty in fulfilling her obligation until for other reasons than Belgium neutrality we finally got into the World War. The four nations signed that treaty which was a guarantee from each that Belgium's neutrality should not be violated. If both England and the United States had immediately gone to the rescue of Belgium it would only have been carrying out a solemn agreement and would have greatly shortened the war, thereby saving the lives of millions of men and its aftermath of maimed and crippled humanity. War is a horrible thing and none of us want to see our country involved in war, yet many times it has happened that the only way a righteous peace could be secured was to fight for it.

MYRON F. FOSTER.

Elgin, Illinois.

P. S.—You have given space to a number of articles written by pacifists. Kindly publish this and let some apostle of the doctrine of non-resistance answer it if he can. If you feel you must decline to do so, it will be offered to the Chicago *Tribune* as an open letter.

M. F. F.

Burchard, Joseph P. Chamberlain, Dillon Read & Company, Equitable Trust Company, Roland Harriman, Harris, Forbes & Company, Henry Heide, Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach, Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff, Sullivan & Cromwell, Samuel Thorne, Felix Warburg and Paul M. Warburg.

The names of the students from Germany, and the institutions to which they go, are as follows: Dr. Angele Auburtin, Bryn Mawr; Dr. Eduard Baumgarten, University of Wisconsin; Peter Brunner, Harvard Seminary; Dr. Falk, Hartford Seminary; Dr. Friedrich Geisler, Teachers College; Fritz Gericke, Eden Theological Seminary; Miss Annaliese von Halle, University of California; Miss Gertrude Guenther, Wellesley College; Dr. Walter Kayser, University of Cincinnati; Miss Luise Goepfert, Smith College; Dr. Johannes Klein, State University of Iowa; Ulrich Kuentzel, St. John's College; Dr. Lange, Princeton Seminary; Robert Kurt Mattusch, University of Wisconsin; Dr. Grete Muennich-Baumgarten, University of Wisconsin; Marilies Mauck, Mills College; Dr. Hans Adrian Mestern, Yale University; Dr. Wolff Metzger, State University of Iowa; Rudolph Mueller, Amherst College; Dr. Hans G. Roemer, University of Wisconsin; Wilhelm Pauck, Chicago Seminary; Werner Petersmann, Union Seminary; Fritz Ruediger, Haverford College; Dr. Siegfried Scharfe, Chicago Seminary; Dr. Schimmelpfeng, Hartford Seminary; Dr. Schneider, Wittenberg College; Dr. Herbert Schroeder, Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Anna Selig, Teachers College; Dr. Emmy Wagner, Western Reserve University; Dr. Martin R. Weidenhammer, University of Minnesota; Albert Wilkening, Yale University.

As an introduction to these United States the students, on arriving from Germany, are to be guests at a camp near Bridgewater, Connecticut, for a week of conferences with Americans who have studied in Germany under the auspices of the Exchange and some of the German students who held Exchange fellowships in this country last year.

The camp, donated by a friend, is situated in the Blue Mountains of Connecticut, and the conference will not interfere with tramps over the hills and other outdoor sports; they are likely to be confined for the most part to evening meetings in front of the great fireplace which is the central feature of the living quarters.

Questions to be discussed are the points of difference between the German and American institutions of higher learning, both as to curricula, teaching methods and social activities, and the various international problems of interest to students of political science and economics.

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